Finding His Own Lamb

L. M. Zimmerman

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FINDING HIS OWN LAMB

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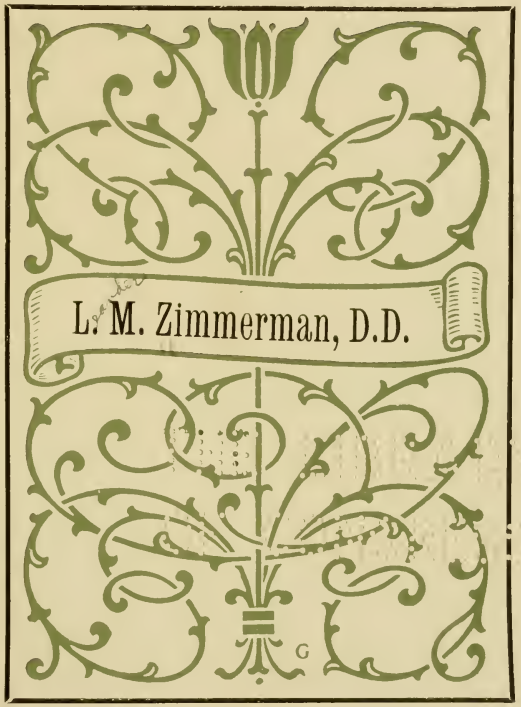

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FIRST EDITION

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If any word or deed of mine,
Great or small,
Can cheer the sad on whom they shine,
Like heaven's call,
Then help me, Lord, those gifts to share,
And scatter them like sunbeams fair.

FAR off in country lonely,
strong ties of love each day
Were knit between love's dear ones
in every word and way—
There, in an humble cottage,
all seemed so fair and bright,
That oft it did remind them
of days without a night.

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IN fields of verdant pastures
and by the shady tree,
Sweet words and deeds of kindness
were like the river free;
And with the rippling waters,
as they did onward flow,
A childish song was mingled,
so sweet, and soft, and low

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THE father was a shepherd,
and well his daughter knew
His voice as he the sheep called
and to them food did strew;
And when a lamb would wander
in realms of death and pain
The shepherd, by a known cry,
would bring it back again.

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AT last the daughter questioned
the sweetness of her lot,
For as she thought of city
the farm joys she forgot.
Though future steps should pierce her
with unknown fiery smart,
Yet she would go thus forward
with brave and hopeful heart.

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HAND clasped in hand her parents
bade her a sad good-bye.
The face of love, oh how sweet,
as eye still met each eye,
For in each heaving bosom
was purity and grace
That met with God's approval
as they stood face to face.

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A FAIR and country maiden
in city all alone
Found not a few allurements
to which mankind is prone.
There things were very charming
and friends almost divine,
Who praised her for her beauty
and tempted her with wine.

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THUS flattered by the wicked
she like a snowflake fell,
And found that worldly pleasures
had proved to her a hell.
She thought of home and loved ones
and of her early years,
And in that deep reflection
her eyes were filled with tears.

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SOME one who knew her home life
and now saw her in sin,
By chance had met her father
and told where she had been.
He left the flock on hillside
in search of his own lamb,
And to the city hastened
singing the shepherd's psalm.

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EMBARRASSED in the city
he tarried there till night,
Hoping to find his own lamb
now lost out of his sight.
The streets seemed cold and cheerless
as he put forth his cry,
Then listened for an answer
from her who might be nigh.

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AN officer bade him stop
for disturbing the peace,
But as the father told all
him he did then release.
"She'll come to me," he added,
"if she should hear that cry,"
And onward he went calling
as he looked far and nigh.

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THE loving shepherd's own lamb
was found at last that night,
For on her ears the call fell
as if from heaven's height.
She rushed into a lone street
and to her father's arm,
And, with tears of confession,
begged for home on the farm.

NES
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ONCE more the saddened circle
of home is bright with love,
The past is all forgotten
in pardon from above;
For in the heav'nly city
stands open wide the gate—
It is God's gate of mercy,
'tis as yet not too late.

L. of C.

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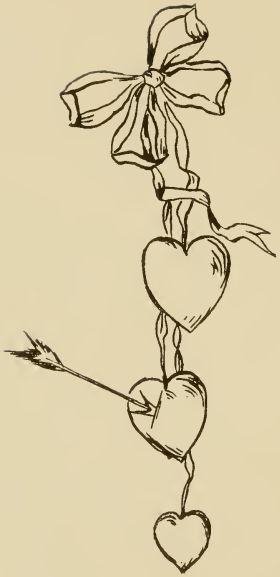

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